The Fly;

OR,

JUVENILE MISCELLANY.

BY SIMON SCRIBBLE & CO.

" *Come ye whom* SCIENCE *chose to guide*
" *Her unpolluted stream along;*
" *Adorn with flowers its cultur'd side,*
" *And to its taste allure the* YOUNG."

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FOR THE FLY.

INSPECTOR GENERAL—No. II.

————Fashion makes us fools;
Nay worse—for *they*, though destitute of reason,
Still claim a *rank* among the *human* race;
But *we* debase our DIGNITY and NAME,
And place both on a level with the *brute*,
By imitating *apes*.

OF all the follies, or if I may without offence use the term vices, which characterize the present age, and to which mankind are at this time most addicted, the ridiculous and insatiable passion of being '*in the fashion*' is certainly not the least conspicuous and prevalent. It engrosses almost every thought, governs every action, and engages the attention of all. To gratify this foolish desire, no pains or expense are spared, and we do not unfrequently see families left destitute of absolute necessaries, that they may not appear in the eyes of the world, a little singular, in external decorations, from their neighbours.

FASHION is one of the numerous foibles of humanity, which, kept under proper restrictions, may be deemed innocent, or even laudable. No one will object to a moderate desire of dressing, appearing, and acting like the rest of the world, so long as their dress, appearance, and actions are not inimical to decency, prudence, and propriety. While they keep within these bounds they may be copied with safety—perhaps with advantage: but when, regardless of these, they suffer this desire to supercede every other, and yield themselves up to the vain and unprofitable employment of imitating every variety of dress, catching and adopting every new mode of pronunciation, and learning every modern gesture and movement, depriving themselves and their friends of many real advantages, to obtain the worthless appellation of *fashionable* —it then ceases to be a *foible*, and increases to a *vice* of no inconsiderable magnitude.

But though the excess to which this folly is carried, may excite the contempt of the more sensible part of the community, it ought by no means to occasion surprise.—When every Miss of fourteen, who has received the *polish* of a boarding-school education, is taught, as her primitive and principal duty, to rival her female neighbours, if possible, in this respect—when mama herself occupies several hours each day, to excite this emulation in her little bosom, and instruct her in the very important art of appearing *fashionable*; and when those only are caressed by what are considered the most polished circles, who can figure away with themselves, its extensive infection is certainly no longer to be wondered at.

The foregoing reflections occured to my mind, on WILL's informing me of a custom, peculiar to the *modern* belles, of which I had before been ignorant. This, though trivial in its nature, and possibly justifiable by some of the *reasons* of which the sex are so prolific, may yet afford a *sample* of the *unstable commodity* I am at this time *inspecting*. This was nothing less, or more, than the *fashion* of *holding up*, or *twisting together*, or what a sailor might term *clewing up* the hinder part of the gown with the hand, when walking along the streets. When he reported to me this discovery, being naturally very charitable, especially to the fair, I offered several excuses for the practice, which he as readily 'reasoned away.' Among others, I told him it might be to prevent their trails dangling on the pavements—'Then why such an useless waste of cloth?' returned he, in his usual gruff way. In short, he urged the impropriety of it with so much eloquence, that I seized my hat and stick, determined to go forth and *inspect* this affair myself; when I found WILL's information to be perfectly correct.—I could scarcely discover a single female, though the streets were remarkably dry and clean, but who had each of them their left hand in this awkward situation.

As I passed through *Cornhill*, where, in a fine day, the belles are more plenty than bees in a flower-garden, I was surprised by observing an African girl, of about ten or twelve years old, with a market basket in one hand, endeavouring with the other to imitate a most beautiful female, tripping along on the opposite side of the street, in this *fashionable* manœuvre. But the poor negro's dress was *naturally* quite the ton, and by her endeavors to render it still more so, she was obliged to infringe a little upon decency, The young lady, whom she was thus attempting to ape, happened to catch a side view of this *dashing belle*, a crimson blush suffused her lovely cheek, and her fair hand involuntarily dropped from its unnatural posture to assume that for which it was intended.

Immediately struck with the good effects of this little circumstance, I began to ruminate upon some improvement which might be formed on it; and as the result of my study, I would earnestly recommend to the Selectmen, to procure a sufficient number of African females, of the most 'woeful figures and features,' have them attired for the purpose, with strict injunctions to carry this fashion to its utmost *height*, and place them at proper distances, in the most public places in town, to patrol the streets, as *scare-crows*; and I doubt not but the most beneficial effects may be derived from it. A.

FOR THE FLY.

A CRITIQUE ON A CRITIQUE,

With some candid Remarks on the Theatre, *its* Auditors, *and* Actors.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

IN perusing BELCHER & Co's Magazine *of the 9th inst. I observed, with much astonishment, an* insufferable critique, *touching the* taste, judgment, manners, *and* liberality *of the Ladies and Gentlemen of this Town and State—wherein they are egregiously accused, by a partizan writer, (who signs himself* 'The Huer') *of ignorance, credulity, sordidness, and the love of patronizing trifles, in preference to matters of higher moment, and refined taste. That the Theatre alone could afford, and was the only place of rational amusement; that all other exhibitions, indiscriminately, were ridiculous and vulgar impositions. Please, Messrs. Editors, conspicuously to inscribe on the useful, and intelligent wings of your sapient* Fly, *the following remarks, whose end is to refute such like base and unworthy aspersions, and render them contemptible as they are wanton—by so doing you will oblige yours,* W. F. PINCHBECK.

.....

TO THE HUER.

SIR,

THAT novelty is amazingly calculated to please, needs no wit to discover; that its appearance captivates in all nations, complexions, ages, sexes, and conditions, to you, sir, is readily acknowledged;—it inhaled its irresistable charms at the beginning of the creation, and the happy system of the Universe (thank Divine Wisdom) wears the beautiful face of novelty—consequently the Naturalist and the Philosopher, the actually ingenious and susceptible mind, must first be exterminated from its possession, ere the passion for curiosity and love of novelty will subside; for, as long as these *vulgar* parts of the community (so appellated in yours) shall hold a place on this mysterious globe—I say, till chaos, with rude hand and gigantic arm, break the connecting chain of worlds and beings, and in one vast confused heap " resolve the earth, and all that it inherits," at this awful moment alone, will men's passions, pride, pomp, merits, and demerits; vanities, frailties, and inclinations, consign themselves to everlasting oblivion;—till then, will these classes of

people ſeek after, continue to encourage, and willingly be charmed with novelty. Novelty is deſirable to man, (in any comely ſhape) and circulates through all their various projects and purſuits, impartially ſpeculative; one feature of which is, for inſtance—admit that the excellent tragedy of *Hamlet* ſhould be performed every night ſucceſſively through the ſeaſon, what, in the end, would be the reliſh for its ſublimity, were the auditors *all* ſages? The ſameneſs of the thing would pall upon the ſenſes, and all its high ſeaſoned wit and ſublime qualities, for which we have now an appetite, would become fulſome and inſipid; and, to have no other play to preſent, would prove the want of wit, judgment, and genius. So that novelty in the Drama, clearly exerciſes her variegated influence with the hope of attracting in new ſcenes, dreſſes, and decorations; the change of performers and performances, not with impoſing talent, but with the ſame laudable intent ſhe is rendered faſcinating by the proprietors or projectors of other exhibitions. Novelty is the ſovereign ſtimulus, and original ſpring of conception, that ſets the ingenious capacity in operation; and, to ingenuity, is the world indebted for all its conveniencies, privileges, acquiſitions, and amuſements Novelty is the life of this buſy world, without which ſupineneſs would pervade the faculties of the brighteſt genius, and a ſpecies of melancholy reign in gloomy triumph o'er all this ſcene of man.—So, ſir, whether it be the ſingular exhibition of the "*Knowing Pig*," that demands attention—"*dexterity of hand, agility of body, activity on the rope or wire, balancing pipes*, the *rolling eye in a tranſparent painting, the aeroſtation of the Aeronaut;*" they all in a partial degree, impart pleaſure and gratification, *to thoſe who are not too wiſe to be amuſed*—and alſo, they have no little claim in cultivating and improving the mind, by ſolid confirmation to the ſuperſtitious eye, that ingenuity, patience, and perſeverance, are all the *mighty magic* in the wonder they behold; that all the witchcraft, neceſſary with the human race, to become eminent in art or ſcience, is ſimply a proportionate and induſtrious exerciſe of the adquate faculties, naturally interwoven with man. You boaſt *truth* and *candor*, but your rigid diſlike to the ſons of Art and Myſtery, and the paſſionate partiality you exhibit for the counterfeiters of paſſions and enactors of mimicry, has more the deformed features of envy, malice, and ſour prejudice in its delineation, than either wit or candor. Puffing, though a ſtale trick, placed by the artful under certain appearances, may be veiled from the common eye, and the hired argument of the prejudiced and pecuniary pen, be received by the hands of the unſuſpecting, for the pure language and genuine opinion of *candor* and *ingenuouſneſs*.

In order to fix the attention of the public altogether on Theatrical repreſentations; to make a monopoly of their liberality; and, further, to turn their patronage on one man ſolely—I ſay, to detract from the merits of others, to attack them with arrogant invectives, and name them unexceptionably as *impoſtors*, following profeſſions ſanctioned by the law, is *ignorance*—and its companion I need not name. I truſt your rude and ungentlemanlike aſperſions, will be clearly underſtood, and loſe their object aimed at, conſcious that a wiſe and diſcriminating people, capable of deciding between merit and impoſition, will not ſuffer their opinion to be influenced by ſuch artifices.

"It is lamented, that Jugglers and Shew-men, make their fortunes from the popularity of credulity and vulgar taſte."—On my word, I conceive of no juggler in this State: the enactor of ſleight of hand is no juggler, provided he performs all he profeſſes, and eſpecially if he candidly declares his art is deception, which is common with RANNIE—he then honeſtly deceives, and receives the reward of his dexterity with as good a title, and with as much equity as a dollar is demanded in exchange for a Box Ticket, at the Box Office of the Federal Theatre; and it is ſelf-evident the ſame propriety exiſts in all other exhibitions of whatever denomination, where the performances, or curioſity is equal to the deſcription.

"*Honor, and ſhame, from no condition riſe,*
"*Act well your part, there all the honor lies.*"

That Mr. COOPER's talents are not neglected for trifles, witneſs the brilliant houſes at the performance of his favorite characters. That his ſervices are amply rewarded, I well know, and I am well pleaſed that fortune, while ſhe laviſhes her favors on the indolent and undeſerving, at the ſame time, (praiſe be to her blindneſs) ſmiles on a worthy ſubject; and as Mr. C's merit in his profeſſion is matchleſs, ſo his pay may with juſtice be as it is, unprecedented in any Theatre on the continent. But who ſupports all this?—blindneſs might feel it out—the free heart and open hand of public ſpirit—and yet, this unhappy *Huer*, will pompouſly undertake, to tell that *very public*, to their teeth, they are *cloſe-fiſted, vulgar in taſte*, and their patronage, in ſupport of the Drama, *miſerly*. It is not my intention to advance any thing in oppoſition to theatrical repreſentation; on the contrary,

"*Plays are as mirrors, where mankind may ſee*
"*How* bad *they are—how* good *they ought to be.*"

Neither do I inſinuate any thing to cenſure the preſent corps—nor will I extenuate their merits.—I will riſk my opinion, that they form the *moſt* reſpectable company that ever drew the attention of a Boſton audience, and deſerving, from the judgment of a cenſor, univerſal praiſe, even from the luminous talent of a COOPER, whoſe taſk it is to ſuſtain the moſt arduous and diſtinguiſhed characters of dramatic ſcenes, down to the humbler walks of the leſs happy gifted, though equally uſeful, (to effect the great end, as Shakeſpeare deſcribes it *to hold up nature's mirror, as t'were, to nature's ſelf*,) ſhew but a glimmering ray—that the Manager deſerves the beſt commendations to the public's higheſt eſteem, for his unremitted attention and reſpect, in obtaining the ſame. Theſe requiſites fulfilled, where is the propriety of taſte? where the juſtice, equity, wit, or wiſdom, to reject all other amuſements, owing to theſe neceſſary acquiſitions to our Theatre? Shall every other deſcription of exhibition, in this weſtern world, be deemed irrational? Muſt the projectors, or proprietors of the ſame, ſarcaſtically ſuffer themſelves to be denounced impoſtors? That wiſdom and refined taſte, ſeeking amuſement, ſhew themſelves at the Theatre alone—and to have a fancy for any other exhibition, either natural, philoſophical, or mechanical, is the *vulgar taſte* of fools, I deny it;—wiſdom knows to the contrary, for her make is aſſiduouſly to ſearch into the heart of all that is curious, and the philoſopher ſpeculates, and finds a rich banquet in it.—You obſerve, that ſome "*huffiſh fellow*" would accuſe the "HUER" with *falſehood* and *petulence*.—No doubt the impulſe of conſcience reminded you to make that remark, and not the force of your learning. "*Ecce Homo.*"

Though not ſo *huffiſh* as repreſented to be, I am far from being inclined to receive invectives undeſervedly with impunity from any man; and, with pleaſure affirm, that the Ladies and Gentlemen of "this quarter of the Union," have not that depravity of taſte, in the choice of their amuſements, you accuſe them of—that they do not countenance trifles, and relinquiſh opportunities of enjoying or ſupporting the more ſublime; that their patronage to the Theatre is not miſerly, but liberal—and, pray ſir, what induces our Ladies to laugh, but good humor? If the wit they applaud is not ſo genuine as you would have it, why let the critic frown;—the Ladies' ſmiles are a fair mark of affable diſpoſitions, and ſhew a willing condeſcenſion to be pleaſed, if not enraptured; and although a great property in the fair ſex, is not conſidered by them the genius of accompliſhments; or, what would become of our well ſupported dancing maſters, the preceptreſſes of numerous academies, teachers of languages and muſic?—But above all theſe, what would be the fate of a number of Orphans,* whom generous bounty, and voluntary contributions, not only foſter, but liberally educate? Be it eternally regiſtered in the book of fate, that the greateſt and moſt admirable accompliſhment the human character can poſſibly be adorned with, is love and charity for their fellow creatures; for this is an accompliſhment, though not altogether acquired, happily conceived, and is of ſpecial moment. It clothes the naked, feeds the hungry, and renders the miſerable happy. It will eclipſe all others, making them vanities; for its value is intrinſic here, and ineſtimable in heaven.

For my own part, as a *ſhew-man*, I ſeek not to impoſe, but to amuſe; and the chief talent I have, is the love of variety and enterpriſe; following the dictates of which propenſity, I have within theſe five years, ſacrificed three thouſand dollars, a legacy bequeathed me and received from England; conſequently I have not made my fortune by the profeſſion, but loſt conſiderable, and am not rich, but poor. It was my intention at firſt to appear, in this refutation, under a fictitious ſignature; but reflecting that the vicious conduct and bad principles of men, were the only fit ſubjects for public or private cenſure, and not their profeſſions; that an open reſentment is honorable and conſiſtent with the character of man; that honeſt truth, candor and plain dealing knows no maſk, I ſubſcribe myſelf, W. F. PINCHBECK.

* *An alluſion to the Boſton Female Aſylum.*

BIOGRAPHY

Of the celebrated Mr. COOPER,

Uſually denominated the AMERICAN ROSCIUS,

MR. THOMAS ABTHORP COOPER

WAS born in 1777, of reputable parents: his father was a ſurgeon, and acquired conſiderable property in the Eaſt, under Warren Haſting's Indian adminiſtration.....but of the greater part, if not all of this, the widow and children were at his death, defrauded and left deſtitute. When nine years old, Cooper was taken, out of friendſhip to his family, and in ſome ſort adopted by Mr. Godwin, the well known author of the Eſſay on Policical Juſtice, by whom he was educated and intended for a writer. He is probably one of a very few, who have been apprenticed to authorſhip; and as it is impoſſible to determine the bent and ſo much more ſo the ſoundneſs and ſtrength of a mind ſo young, it is ſomewhat remarkable that a man of Godwin's underſtanding ſhould train a boy to write books before it was certain he could ever be induced to read them....What Mr. Godwin's particular method of education was, we do not know; and though when his opinions are adverted to, it ſhould ſeem it was not a ſyſtem of reſtraint, yet when Cooper's readineſs on moſt ſubjects is conſidered with his negligent habits for ſome years paſt, a belief cannot be impreſſed, but that the foundation laid, was, of its kind, a good one. He went through a regular courſe of the Greek and Latin claſſics, and was alſo inſtructed in the French and Italian languages.

Such a pupil to ſuch a maſter muſt have been rouſed, and delighted by the French revolution.....Cooper was ſcarcely ſeventeen when his enthuſiaſm prompted him to relinquiſh the pen for the ſword, and to ſeek a commiſſion in the armies of the great republic. The juſt ſprouting, ſenſitive and uncertain laurels of the author were blaſted.... civic and mural crowns, ovations and ſabres d'honneur were much more glittering, and accordingly it was already determined he ſhould engage for the banners of equality and confuſion, when the war broke out between England and France, and clouded the brilliant proſpects of military promotion and renown in the cauſe of liberty. Then it was, he turned his attention to the ſtage, and communicated his wiſhes to his benefactor; they were received with coldneſs and regret, not till after ſome time aſſented to, and then with decided diſapprobation. His intention however being found invincible, Mr. Holcroft undertook to give ſome preparatory leſſons. When he was thought prepared, many difficulties occurred, before a ſuitable

place could be procured for his firſt appearance: Mr. Stephen Kemble offered his auſpices, and Edinburg was concluded on. The writer of this ſketch has heard Cooper deſcribe, with great pleaſantry, his firſt interview with the Scotch manager: he was at that time a raw country youth of ſeventeen. On his arrival in Edinburg, little conſcious of his appearance and incompetency, he waited on Mr. Kemble, made up in the extreme of ruſtic foppery, proud of his talents, and little doubting his ſucceſs. When he mentioned his name and errand. Mr. Kemble's coutenance changed from a polite ſmile to the ſtare of diſappointment: Cooper had been prepared for young Norval; but he was obliged to exchange all his expected eclat for a few cold excuſes from the manager, and the chagrin of ſeeing ſome nights after, his part filled by an old man and a bad player. During the remainder of the ſeaſon he continued with Stephen Kemble, without ever appearing. From Edinburg he went with the company to Newcaſtle-upon-Tyne, there he lived as dependent, inactive and undiſtinguiſhed as before, till, owing to the want of a perſon to fill the part of Malcolm in Macbeth, he was caſt to that humble character....in ſo inferior a ſphere did *he* begin to move who is now become one of the brighteſt luminaries of the theatrical hemiſphere. His debut was even leſs flattering than his reception from the manager had been. Till the laſt ſcene he paſſed through tolerably well, but when he came to the lines which conclude the play—

"So thanks to all at once and to each one
Whom we invite to ſee us crown'd at Scone."

after ſtretching out his hands and aſſuming the attitude and ſmile of thankfulneſs, ſlight embarraſſment checked him, and he pauſed, ſtil' keeping his poſture and his look—the prompter made himſelf heard by every one but the bewildered Malcolm, who ſtill continued mute, every inſtance of his ſilence naturally increaſing ten-fold his perplexity. Macduff whiſpered the words in his ear.—Macbeth who lay ſlaughtered at his feet, broke the bonds of death to aſſiſt his dumb ſucceſſor, the prompter ſpoke almoſt to vociferation.—Each Thane, dead or alive, joined his voice—but this was only "confuſion worſe confuſed;" if he could have ſpoken the amazed prince might with great juſtice have ſaid, "So thanks to all at once;" but his utterance was gone "vox faucibus hæſit"—a hiſs preſently broke out in the pit, the clamour ſoon became general, and the curtain went down, amid a ſhout of univerſal condemnation.

After this diſcomfiture, Cooper returned not a little humiliated to England.

[*To be continued.*]

USEFUL.

MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS FOR YOUTH.

1. By what King of England, and on what occaſion, was the title of *Defenders of the Faith*, firſt uſed?
2. What is a Cycle?
3. How far is the Earth diſtant from the Sun?
4. What are the Penates?
5. In Muſic, how many notes has common time in a bar?
6. What is the meaning of a dot in Muſic?
7. Who is the perſon denominated the Pope?
8. Where is Hamburgh?
9. What is conſcience?
10. How are the ſeveral Muſes repreſented?

THE DRAMA.

MR. COOPER'S *laſt* performance of his favorite character of *Hamlet*, has been generally allowed to be a maſter-piece of acting; nor can we wiſh to ſee it ever better played, even could it be excelled. The late repreſentation of this favorite tragedy, was ably ſupported. Mrs. DARLEY in *Ophelia*, greatly increaſed her well eſtabliſhed celebrity, and Mrs. SHAW did herſelf much honour in the *Queen*. Mr. USHER *peforms* the *Ghoſt* better than he *looks* it; his enunciation was ſolemn and appropriate. Mr. DARLEY'S *Laertes* was well conceived and correctly executed. Fox's *Horatio* and DICKENSON'S *Pollonius* received general approbation; and BERNARD'S *Grave-Digger* exhibited an infinite degree of humour.

The *Revenge* on Monday evening, attracted a very numerous audience, who were highly gratified by Mr. COOPER in *Zanga*; which was performed in a manner worthy its diſtinguiſhed repreſentative. In *Don Alonzo*, USHER was very deſervedly applauded, and Fox's *Carlos* was played with much propriety. Mrs. POWELL could do no other ways than well in *Leonora*; and Mrs. USHER was an excellent *Iſabella*.

MR. COOPER'S BENEFIT is fixed for Friday evening. On this occaſion we need only obſerve, that this gentleman is entirely dependent on public munificence for the reward of his diſtinguiſhed talents and ſucceſsful exertions. THEATRICUS.

BERRY STREET ACADEMY.

WE are always happy to obſerve an exhibition of this Seminary announced; but at no former period have we been more gratified by the performances of the youthful pupils under the direction of the celebrated Mr. PAYNE, than on Thursday evening 14th inſt. when a public recitation took place at Concert-Hall. The exercises were *altogether* correct and impreſſive; particularly thoſe of *Palfrey, Sargent, Harvey, Hall, Bazin, &c.* But we cannot omit noticing more particularly the performances of maſter J. H PAYNE. This youth has been gifted by nature with almoſt every requiſite for a public ſpeaker; his voice, geſtures, and figure are unexceptionable. His judgment, energy, and correct conception in the characters he ſuſtained, were ſuch as could ſcarcely have been expected in a man of mature experience. In ſhort, the performances of the evening were conducted in a manner which reflected the higheſt honor on the aſſiduity and ability of the Preceptor, and the general ſuſceptibility and application of his Pupils.

BOSTON:
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1805.

TO-MORROW,

Will be obſerved, throughout this Commonwealth, as a day of public Thankſgiving. We cannot let the opportunity paſs, without offering our ſincere wiſhes to all our young friends, that while they partake "the abundance of the good things" of the ſeaſon, they may enjoy every pleaſure compatible with innocence, morality and virtue.

FRATERNAL LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

This is a Socicty compoſed of youth, from the age of fifteen and upwards, who have aſſociated for the purpoſe of eſtabliſhing a Library for the benefit of thoſe only who become members; and of improving themſelves in compoſition, and correct ſpeaking. Though yet in its infancy, it can boast of more than twenty reſpectable members, and a conſiderable Library, conſiſting of Hiſtory, Voyages, Travels, Orations, &c. Their regular Meetings are on the firſt Thurſday evenings of every month, when each of the members exhibit to the government of the aſſociation, his production of the laſt month, which is filed for examination and correction. The remainder of the evening is then ſpent in ſpeaking, or attending to whatever buſineſs the government have laid before them. We cannot doubt of the ſucceſs of ſo laudable an inſtitution.

We are happy in an opportunity to notice that Mr. HENRY DEAN of Salem, contemplates another improved Edition of his Analytical Guide to the Art of Penmanſhip: This work beſides containing a neat Hiſtory of the *myſtic art*, is enabled to teach Writing with more facility, and to greater perfection, than any other plan now extant.

THE COLUMBIAN MUSEUM,

We are informed, will be elegantly illuminated tomorrow evening, (agreeably to uniform cuſtom) when it is ſincerely hoped, that the intereſting *Book of Nature*, which will then be opened, ſhewing a great variety of leſſons, the moſt beautiful and ſingular of animated conception, together with a variety of elegant productions of ſuperior ingenuity, forming a repoſitory of real knowledge, will not be neglected; but conſiſtent with its importance, and the juſt claims the proprietor has on public patronage and ſupport, be honoured with a reſpectable company.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The unexpected length of a promised communication, has unavoidably excluded ſeveral valuable articles prepared for this number.

Our Theatrical department, was filled, before the receipt of "D's" favor—We ſhall be happy to hear from him in future.

Our *Worceſter* Friend's diſſertation on *old maids'* would be rather unintereſting to *our readers*, and unappropriate to our deſign. We ſhall be happy to hear from him on more uſeful topics.

Brother Typo's lines on *life* are rather trite—it is not conſiſtent with our plan to publiſh his addreſs to *Nancy; love ſongs* are ever *unintereſting* to the *public*, though they may be *pleaſing* to *individuals*. The Author however ſeems to poſſeſs a genius for Poetry, which we ſhall be proud to encourage.

The Inſpector General is edited by a ſociety of young gentlemen, under whose direction we cannot doubt of its attaining to general approbation. The author of the *Speculator* (which is thus *ſuperceded*) is among the number of its conductors.

The remarks on Mr. PAYNE'S exhibition, are inſerted at the particular requeſt of a valued coreſpondent, from whom any favour will be aeceptable. Having obtained a copy of the *Prologue*, ſpoken on the ſame occaſion, we are happy in an opportunity of preſenting it to our readers.

POETRY.

"THE MIND TO VIRTUE IS BY VERSE SUBDU'D,
AND THE TRUE PORT IS A PUBLIC GOOD."

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS,

Spoken at Mr. PAYNE'*s late Exhibition by Master* J. G. PALFREY.

As o'er the broad Parterre promiscuous rise,
Weeds, shrubs and flowers, of various shape and size;
So undistinguish'd shoot, rudely combin'd,
The thoughts and passions of the infant mind;

To fix, transplant, manure, support and rear,
Are the mix'd labors of a Tutors care:
With gentle hand the opening buds to tend;
Whilst the luxuriant branch is taught to bend.

The tendril vine, with fostering skill he rears,
And the rude bramble, from its station tears,
With culture nice, and unremitting toil,
He tends the foliage, and improves the soil.

Then gentle showers with genial warmth descend,
And sol's prolific rays their influence lend,
And o'er the tender mind instructions fall—
And light with heat give energy to all.

'Say, Naturalist—is it here we part?
'No longer with blithe Nature goes our art—
'With *showers* and *sunshine* blest *your* plan will thrive,
'And *ours* with *these* may still be kept alive.

'But *ours*, alas! will droop in sickly hue,
'Nor taste instructions' most reviving dew;
'If *Flora* tempt not with Parnassian fame,
'Nor Zeph'rus fan the scientific flame.'

This finds the latent spark, and that inspires
The vacant breast with laudable desires;
With both united, raise th' aspiring boy
To the bright fame of scientific joy.

Permit me now to say without a figure,
(Which better may become a child that's biger;)
We claim your candor, for 'tis plainly seen,
That most of us are far below *fifteen*.

In future time, this little group may seem
More skill'd to know, more worthy your esteem;
Plain English now must limit our preten ion,
But not our *hope*—we're authoris'd to mention,
That when we meet again on like occasion,
We'll add the French to English declaimation.

.....

FOR THE FLY.

.....

ANSWER

To 'O. R.' in the last number,

BY A LADY.

Our thanks, kind Sir, to you belong,
For epigram so smart—
Your wit has reach'd the sex's *tongue*,
But ne'er can reach their *heart*.

You say, (what we before have hear'd,
Full often too have read,)
That speech on woman was conferr'd,
From favor more than need.

For scarcely need *they* words to learn,
T' express the varied thought,
Whose every *look*, and every *turn*,
With *eloquence* is fraught.

When pities' soft emotions rise,
Or care the heart would break,
A *tear* the place of *words* supplies,
And mocks the attempt to speak.

And when the lover supplient kneels,
A union to beseech,
A sigh, a blush, consent reveals,
And spares the pain of speech.

To say that *coxcombs* we despise,
Our *tongues* we need not use,
Contempt is darting from our *eyes*—
This truth *you'll* not refuse.

Or, doubting you'll conviction have,
You shall not want it long;
For what the *eyes* have fail'd to give,
Receive now, from the *tongue*.

SOPHIA.

INSTRUCTIVE.

The Fruits of Industry; or, *the Stranger at home.*

MANY years ago a rich merchant, named Boston, having, through several losses, become a bankrupt, it afflicted him so deeply, that after resigning all to his creditors, he retired into the North of England, to a small estate which had been left to his wife, and could neither be sold nor alienated from her. This estate consisted of a neat house, surrounded by a large tract of common land, the greater part of which was uncultivated, and the whole of not more than sixty pounds yearly value. Mrs. Boston, with her young son, an infant of two years old, accompanied her husband, and was soon established in her new dwelling. Mr. Boston was naturally industrious, and fond of agriculture, speedily, with a little assistance, arranged all the land adjoining his house; the best spot he appropriated to wheat and different seeds, but for the large tract of forest land he was not sufficiently rich to attempt clearing it for bearing grain; yet, displeased with its naked and inhospitable appearance, he resolved to cover it with trees.

To effect this great work, he devoted all his spare time, and, with the assistance of the only man he kept, in five years succeeded in planting the bleak and dreary hill that faced his house. The top he planted with pines, firs, beach and larch, well knowing nothing else would succeed so well in such a barren soil; the sides he appropriated to the ash, the elder, the wild cherry, and various others. The bottom, which was more sheltered, he clothed with hardy fruit trees and shrubs, which he had no doubt, when grown, would greatly add to the convenience and beauty of his dwellings. As children are usually fond of imitating the actions of their elders, his little son Charles, as soon as he could comprehend any thing, took particular delight in making holes in the earth, and sticking in whatever seeds he could procure. As soon as he was of a proper age to discriminate, his father directed his judgment, suffered him to plant clumps, and rows of trees in different parts of the ground, and also between fences here and there a single tree, that might not obstruct the growth of the grain. Happy in this active state, Mr. Boston never lamented his former wealth, he had sufficient to gratify all real wants, and wished no more.—At this period they received a visit from Mr. Boston's brother, who had long been established in Jamaica, and was master of a considerable plantation there. He would fain have persuaded his brother to accompany him to the West-Indies, and endeavour to mend his shattered fortunes, but this offer was declined with thanks, and he was on the point of returning alone, when Mr. Boston was seized with a fever, which in a few days terminated fatally.

The elder Mr. Boston, in this misfortune, however severely he felt it, acted like a man of humanity and a Christian; he smothered his own grief, and spoke consolation to the distressed widow and her orphan son, then not eight years old, whom he offered to take with him, and adopt as his own. Mrs. Boston's grief, though severe, was soothed by the kindness of her brother-in-law, and though she loved her son, she was not weak enough to let her affection prevent what she concluded so essential to his future welfare, she therefore consented he should accompany his uncle, and in two months after they sailed for the West-Indies.

[*To be continued.*]

WIT AND HUMOR.

Jovial WIT *sits laughing here,*
Where true good HUMOR'*s nought to fear.*

A certain vicar of a facetious turn, walking late one evening, meets his curate, highly elevated with the juice of the grape; "Oh, oh, Mr. Twangum, says the vicar, from whence came you?" "Why I don't know, doctor, says he, I have been *spinning* it out with my neighbour Freport." "Ay, quoth the doctor, and now, afte your *spinning* it out, I perceive you are finishing the work by *reeling* it home."

'What have you to say, old *Bacon-Face?*' said a lawyer to a farmer, at the Cambridge assizes. 'Why,' answered the farmer, 'I am thinking that my *bacon-face* and your *calf's head*, would make a good dish.'

Two Clergymen in dispute, reflected upon each other's veracity. One of them replied, that he never was whipt but once by his father, and that was for telling the truth. I believe then (retorted the other) 'that truth was whipt out of you, for you never have spoken it since.'

BOSTON THEATRE.

.....

THIS EVENING, (for the first and only time this season) the celebrated Tragedy, called

JANE SHORE.

With the popular Pantomime of the

WITCHES,

OR—HARLEQUIN SALLAMANDER.

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